

- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

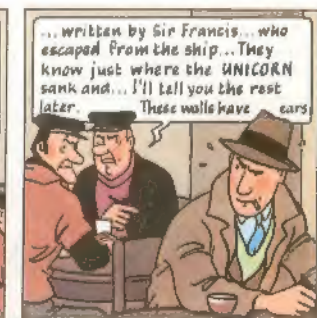
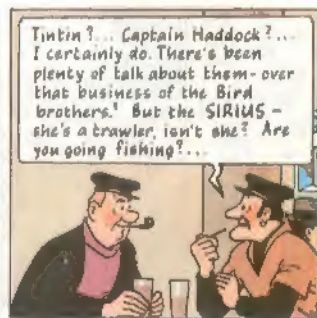
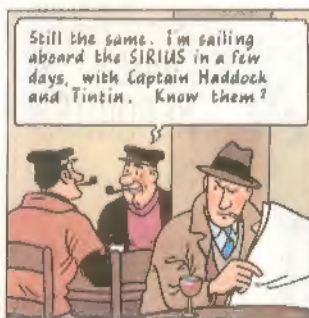
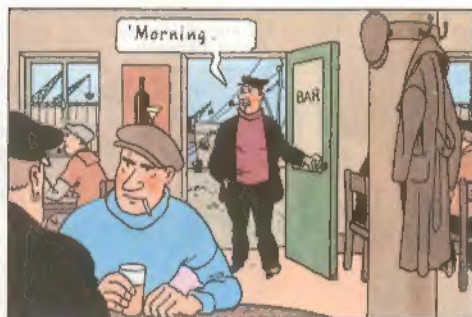
RED RACKHAM'S *TREASURE*

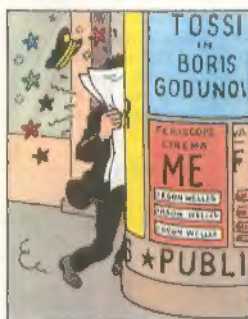


MAGNET



RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



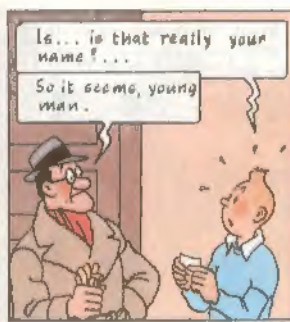


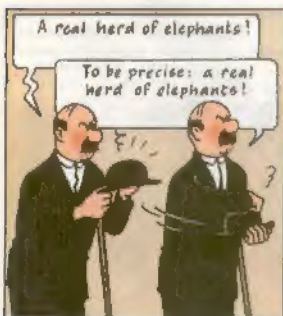
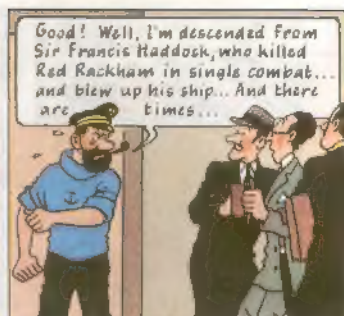
Red Rackham's Treasure

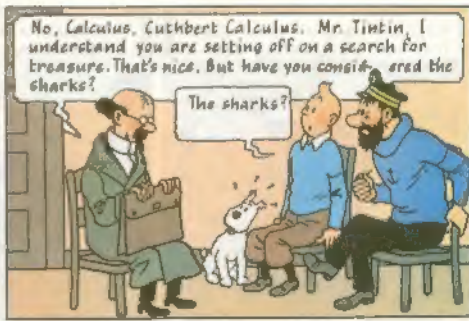
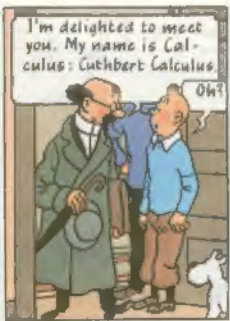
THE forthcoming departure of the trawler *Sirlus* is arousing speculation in sea-faring circles. Despite the close secrecy which is being maintained, our correspondent understands that the object of the voyage is nothing less than a search for treasure.

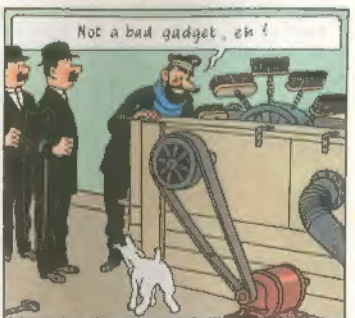
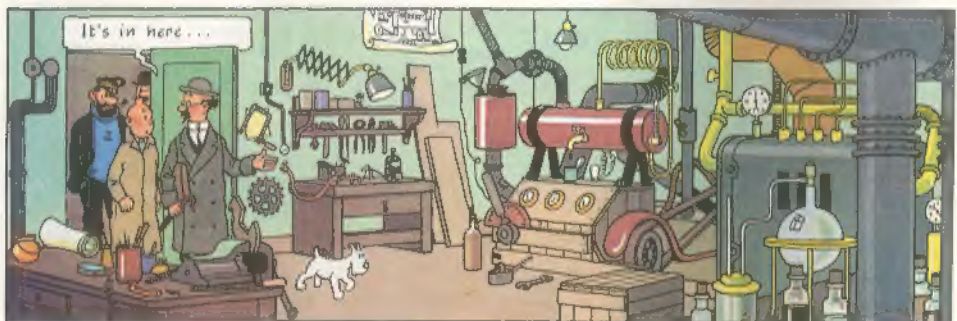
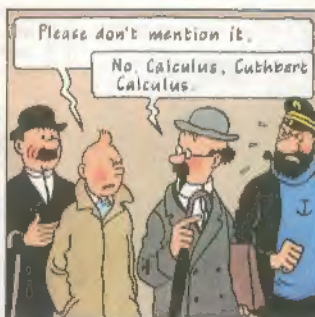
This treasure, once the hoard of the pirate Red Rackham, lies in the ship *Unicorn*, sunk at the end of the seventeenth century. Tintin, the famous reporter—whose sensational intervention in the Bird case made headline news—and his friend Captain Haddock, have discovered the exact resting-place of the *Unicorn*,

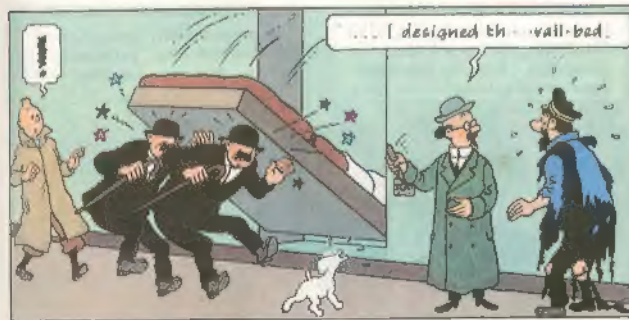
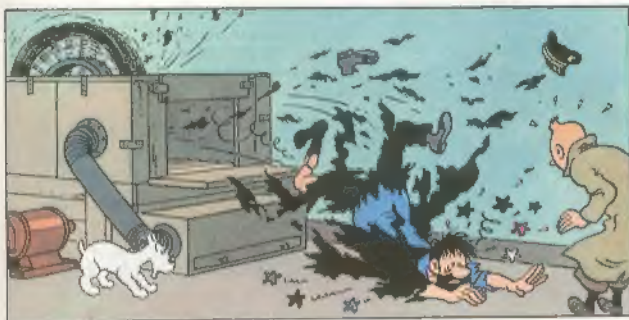
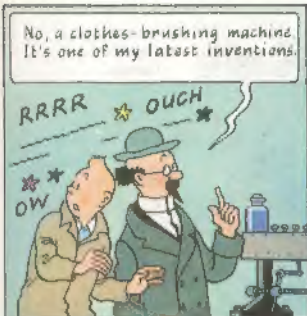


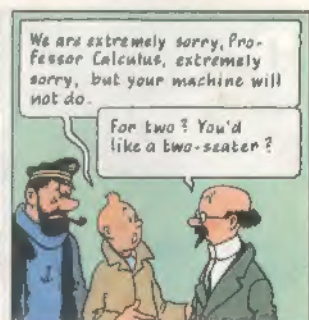
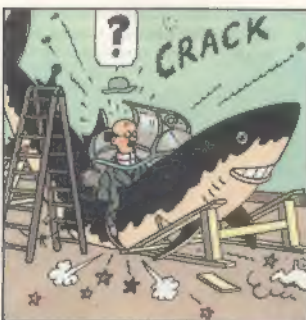
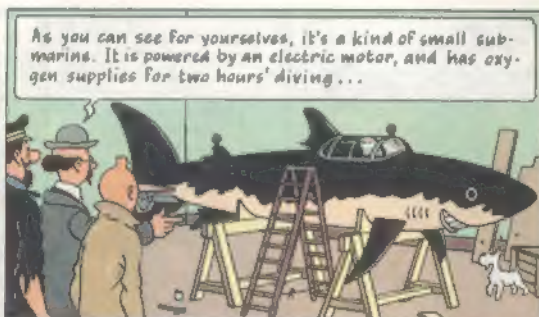
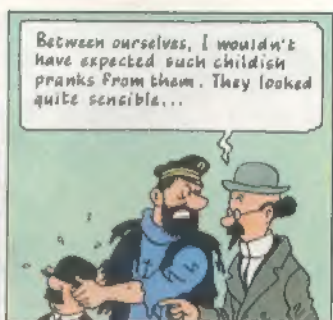














No, Professor Calculus, I said your machine won't do for us!

Oh, good!



Well, gentlemen, that's agreed. I'll make another smaller one. It will be ready in eight days' time...



Some days later...

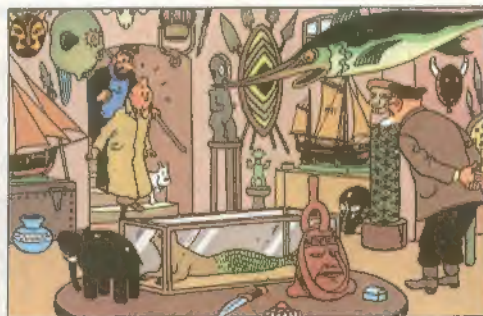
Well, we're all ready to start - at least, if we can find a diving-suit. I've spent three days hunting through marine stores, and I still haven't unearthed one.



I say, look there!

Great snakes! Let's go and see...

FOR SALE
Complete
Diving Equip-
ment, as new



We'd like to see the diving equipment, please.

The diving-suit? Please follow me.



There...



Beware, young fellow, beware! Money is the root of all evil!

?



Why... why do you say that?

Why?... Because I see that you intend to go treasure-hunting...



You see that? Where can you see it?

I read it in your face.

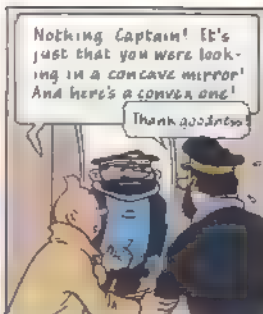


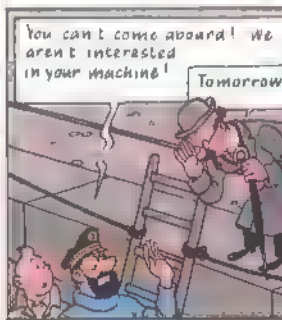
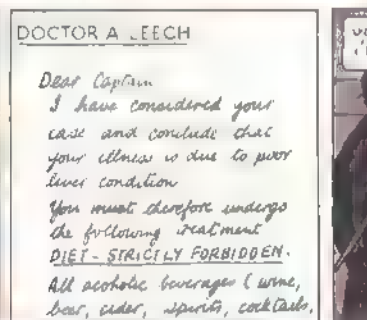
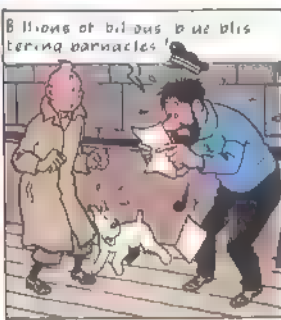
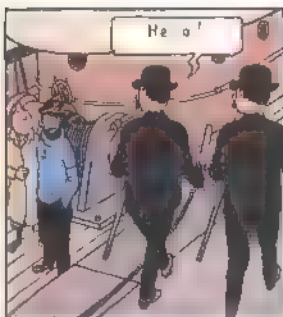
In my face?... But... but ... what's unusual about my face? Tintin, can you see anything?

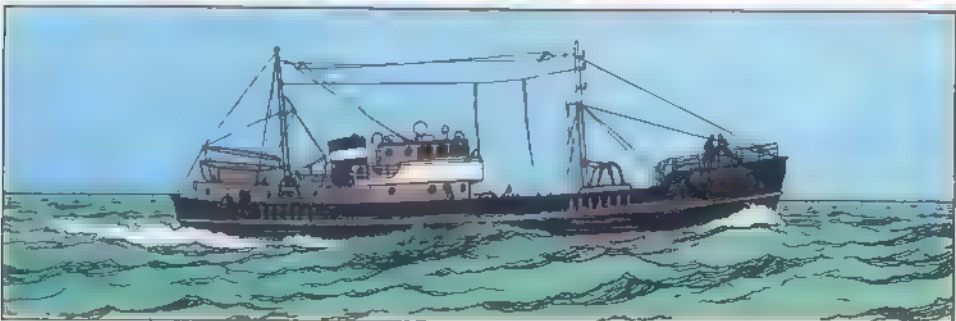
Well, I...

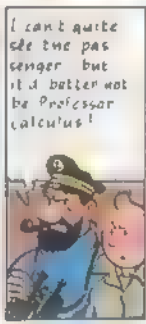
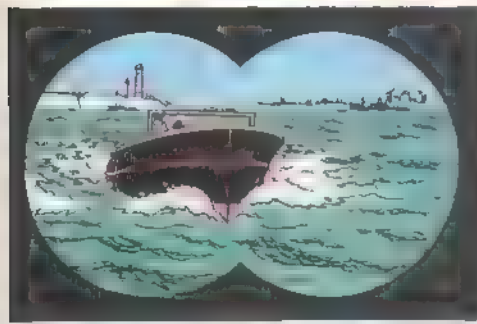
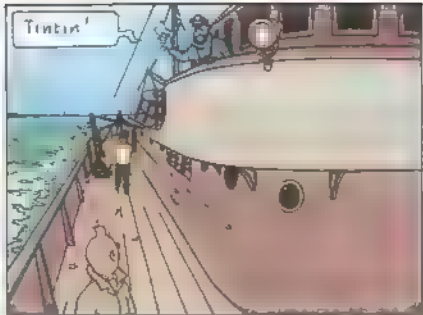


Blistering barnacles!









Yes, you are in danger. Max Bird the antique dealer was seen last night skulking near the SIRIUS. He may try to take his revenge.

Just let him try!
he! Find out



Maybe, maybe. But anyway now we are aboard you will be able to feel that you are perfectly safe.

To be precise perfectly safe.



We shall see. Meanwhile we must find you a berth. Let's see. We've a couple of spare bunks for'ard. Will that do?

Yes, thanks!



Captain! ... Captain!



Captain! I can't stand it!

What?



This thieving Snowy - he's stolen a whole box of biscuits!

No?

Snowy?

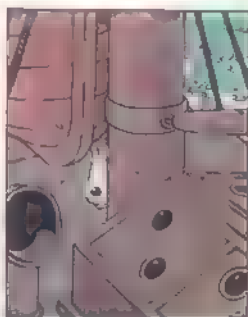


Yes, Snowy! I saw him just now near the galley!

Snowy! Where is the wretched animal?



Snowy?
SNOWY?...



I can't see him, the scoundrel! But don't worry, I'll see that it doesn't happen again...

Good



Our cabin is for'ard. Sit at?

Yes for'ard

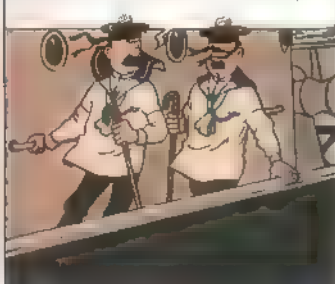


We'll change at once, and mix discreetly with the ship's company.

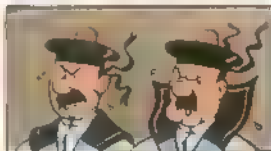
Good idea!



We must behave like old sea-dogs

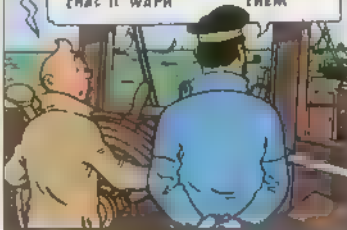


For a start, we'd better learn to chew tobacco
All old sea dogs chew a quid. Here, have one of these



What do we do, Captain? We're bearing down on that fishing fleet

Give a blast on the siren, that'll warn them



Goodness!
My tobacco!

Mine... mine too
I swallowed it!



Next day



It's has got to stop!
Yes it's got to stop



Yes, Captain. Yesterday it was a box of biscuits! This morning a whole chicken has disappeared!

The wretched dog!



Snowy! ...
Snowy! ...
Where's he hiding? ...
Snowy!



Snowy! Snowy!





Snowy!... Snowy!... Where on earth can he be hiding?

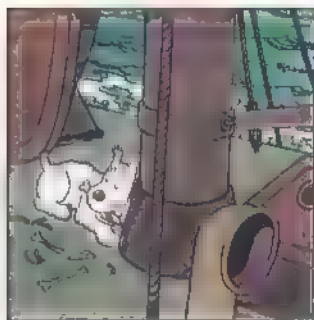


You really saw him make off with the chicken?

Well, I didn't exactly see him, but I supposed



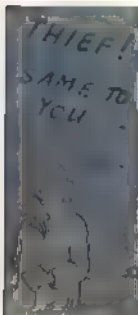
You supposed!... You supposed!... Don't you accuse anyone of any thing unless you have proof!... Besides, how do we know you didn't eat the chicken yourself?



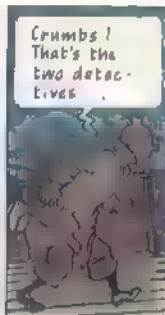
That evening

Good night You might just keep an eye on Snowy

Don't worry, I'll watch him! Good night Captain...



THIEF!
SAME TO YOU



Crumbs!
That's the two detectives



What's going on here?



It's him, Tintin!... He's stolen my pillow!

That's not true! It's him—he's taken one of my blankets!



Aren't you ashamed, at your age? Quarrelling over such trifles! Now, that's all over, isn't it?



Now let's go to bed!



Billions of blistering barnacles!

What's the matter Captain?

The matter? Bistering barnacles my bottle of whisky has vanished!

Vanished? Someone must be worried about your health and is keeping you to your diet.

You can laugh! But if I catch the crook he's in for a rough time!

We'll investigate it in the morning. Now let's go to bed. I'm dead tired. Good night!

You go to sleep if you like. I know what I'm going to do.

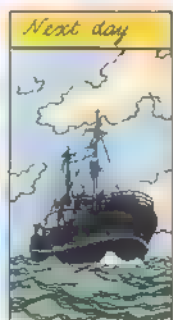
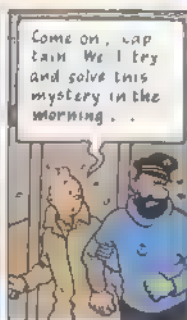
Thundering typewriters!

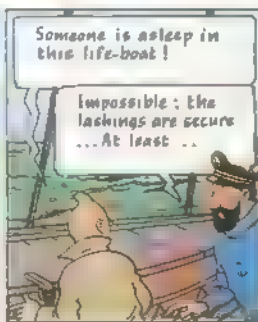
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP

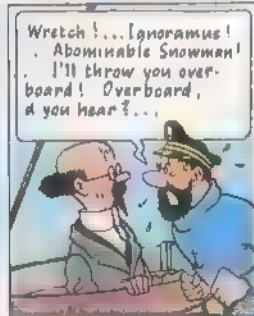
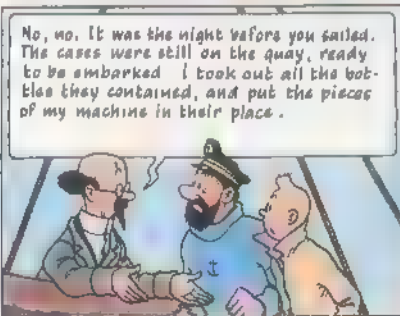
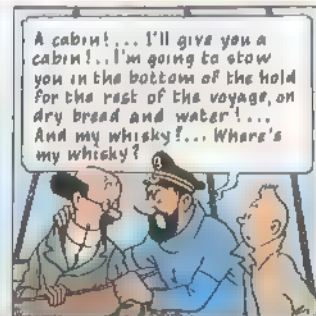
Tut-tut Tut-tut come quickly! There's not a moment to lose!...

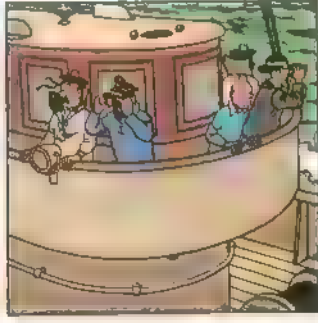
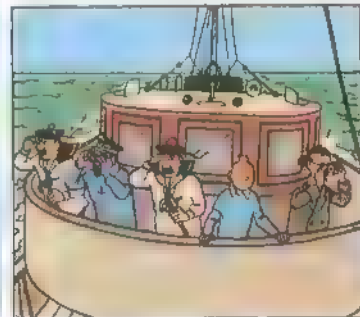
We're going to blow up
a bomb in the hold!

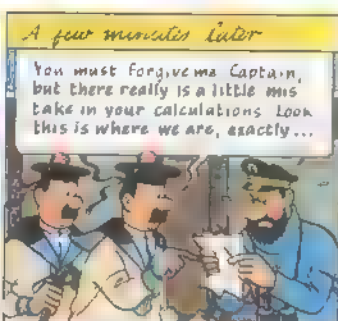
There's a

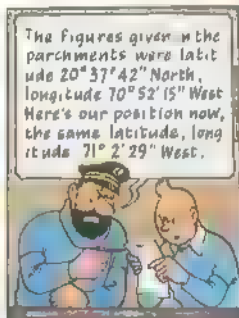
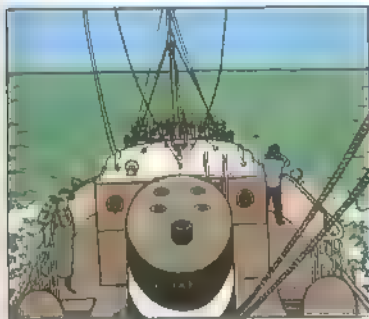
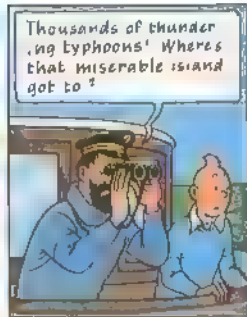
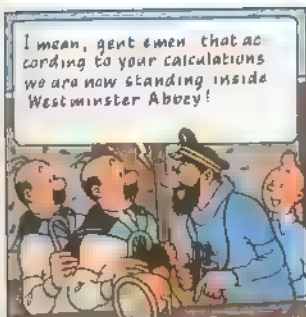


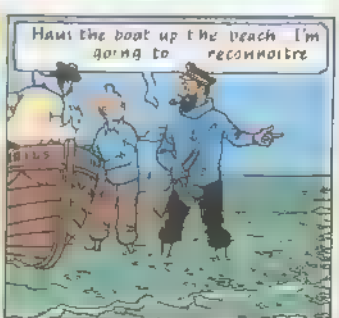
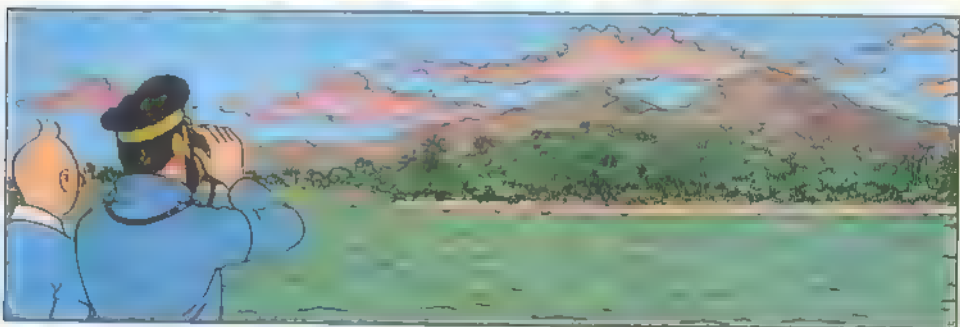
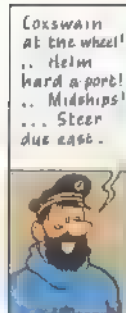


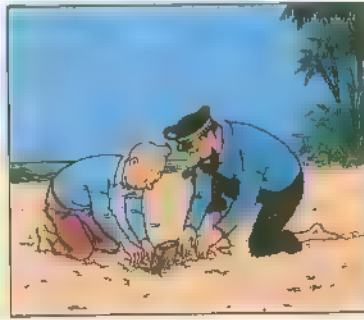


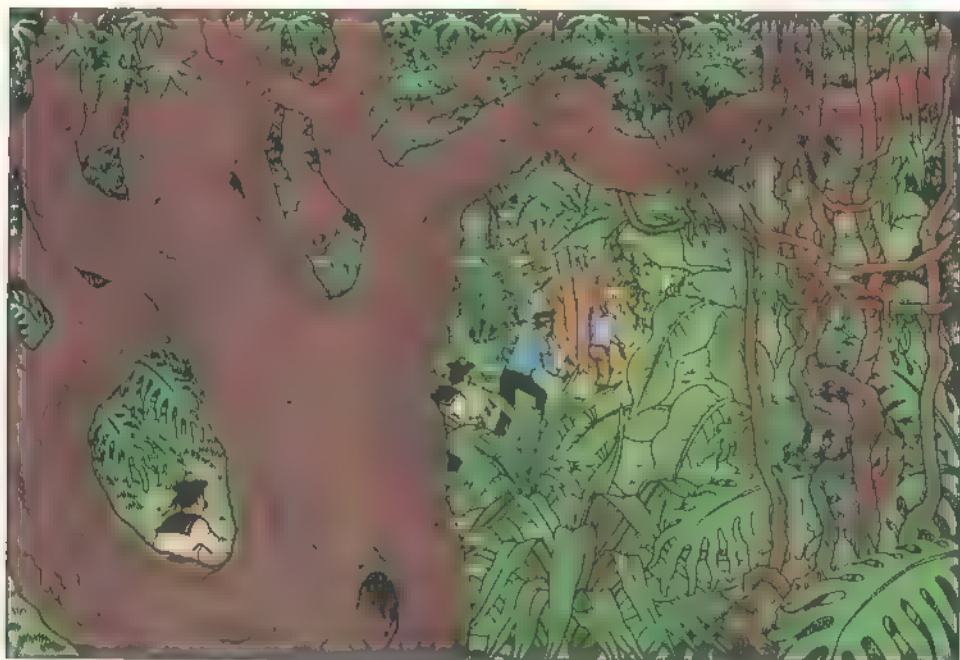
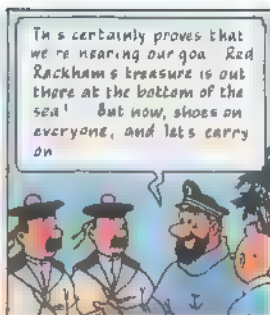


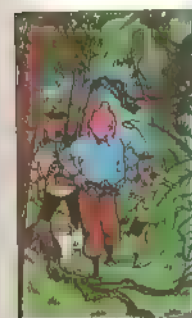












My word! It's meant to be
S-r Francis Haddock!



Look at that mouth! His voice
must have made an enormous
impression on the natives. I
can just imagine their faces the
first time they heard
him shout:
"Ration my
pmm!"



RRRATION MY
RRRUM!



What's the matter
Captain?



Who shouted
like that?



What?
It you?

No, it wasn't me! Thunder-
ing typhoons!

Yes it's Sir Francis
Haddock.



RRRATION MY
RRRUM!



It came from over there



Not a soul!



This is and is n n haunted
Captain! Let's hurry back t t to
the sh sh ship

To b-b-be precise: I-let's
hurry back t-t-to the
sh sh ship



Pitnecanthropus'
Pockmark!



Pockmark yourself, you gib-
bering ghost!



Come out if you dare, Polynesian!
Cannibal!... Conoclast!

Nincompoop!...
Ruffian!...
Baboon!

Up there!

Baboon!

Squawking popin'ay!

Sea sharkin'!

Pickled Herring!

Bristling barnacles'
Parrots!!

Yes parrots! From gener-
ation to generation your
ancestors' vocabulary has
been handed down!

Pockmark!
Freshwater
swabs!
Bully!

Me a bully?
You called
me a bully
did you?

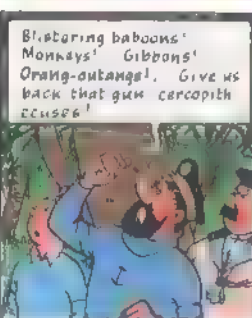
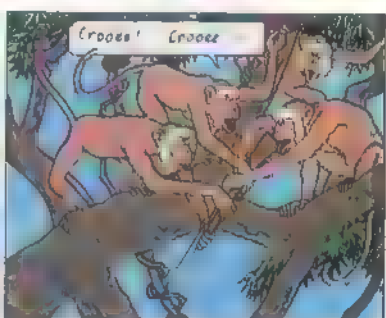
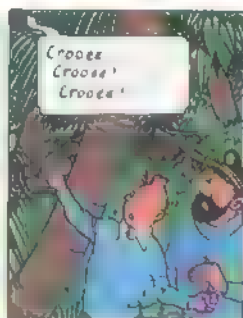
I'll show you
what
made
of!

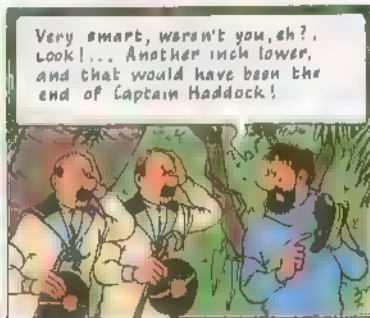
Here's a coconut to cut
your cackle icon! Poohbees!

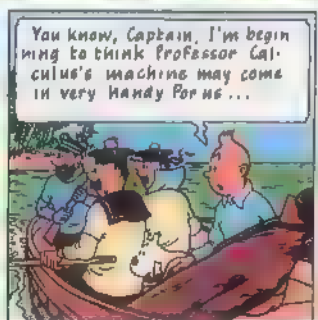
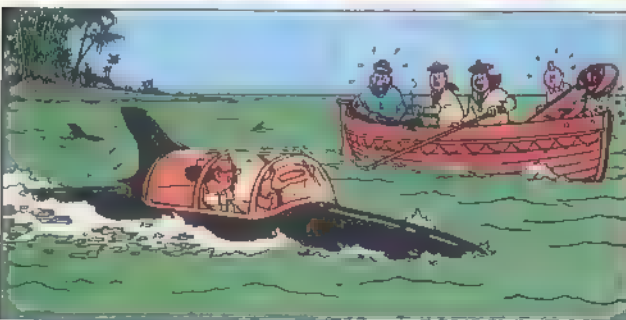
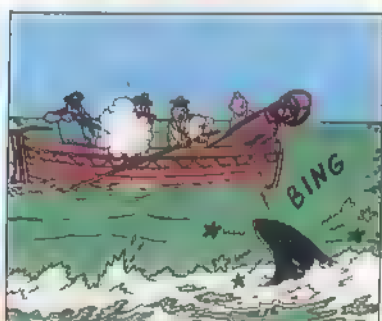
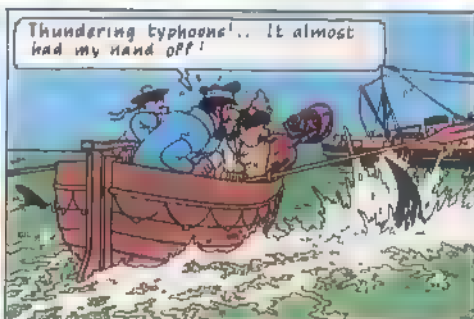
Don my
back!

Wait! I rub it
for you

Your gun!... Give me your gun!
... I'm going to turn them into
parrot-soup



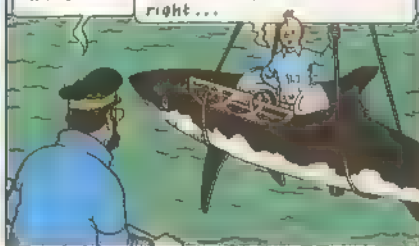




Next day



You've made
up your
mind?



Yes. Professor Calculus
has explained exactly how
his machine works. It'll be all
right...

Stop! Just a
min-ute!



I forgot to tell you. When you locate the
wreck, press the little red button on
the left of the instrument panel. That re-
leases a small canister attached under-
neath the machine. It is full of a sub-
stance that gives off thick smoke when it
comes into contact with water. That will show us where
the wreck
lies

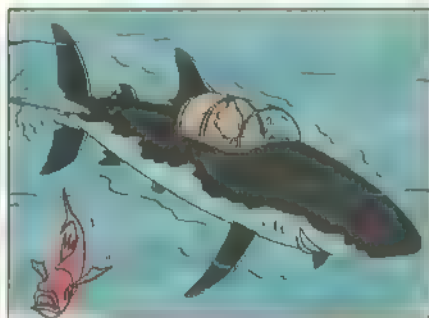


A little red
button? Right!

No, red! A lit-
tle red button
... You've got
it! Good...
Well, goodbye,
and good
luck!

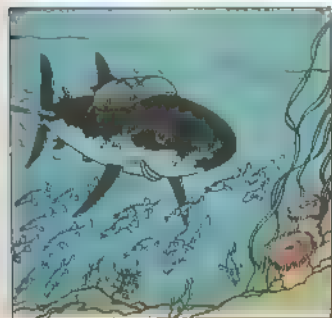


There he goes - he's dived



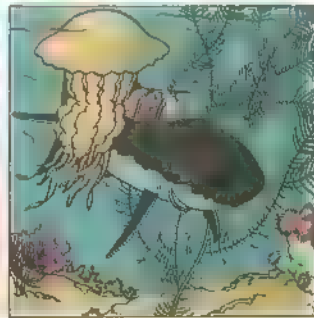
This is fun, eh
Snowy?

Golly, what a
lot of water!



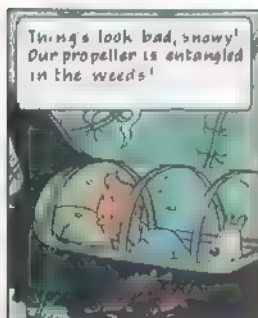
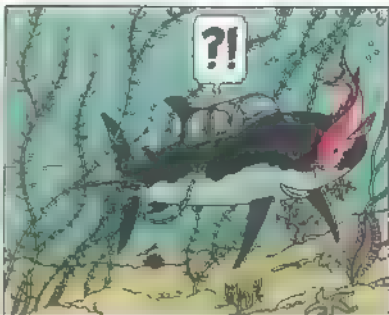
Let's hope nothing goes
wrong...

Gone long? Why, it's
only ten minutes since
he dived

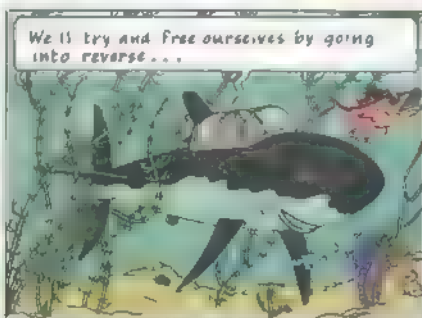




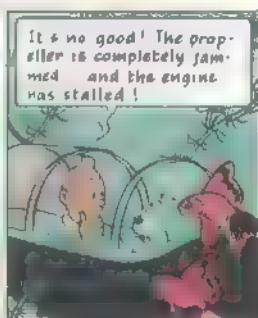
Hello, what's the matter?
The engine's stopped
We aren't moving any
more!



Things look bad, Snowy!
Our propeller is entangled
in the weeds!



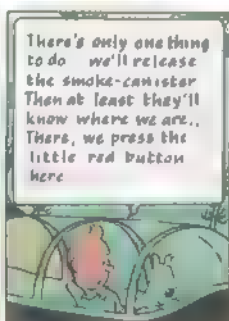
We'll try and free ourselves by going
into reverse...



It's no good! The propeller
is completely jammed
and the engine
has stalled!



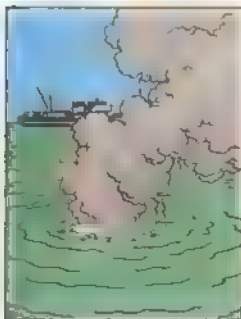
Well, Snowy my boy, how do
we get out of this?



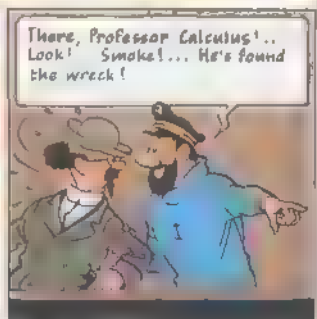
There's only one thing
to do... we'll release
the smoke-canister!
Then at least they'll
know where we are..
There, we press the
little red button
here



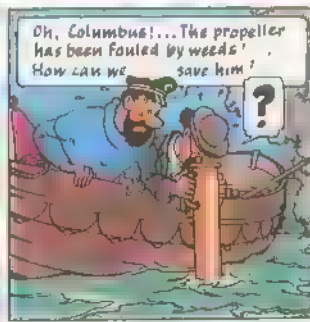
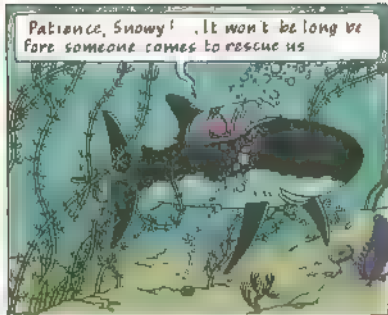
That's it!



Look! Look! Smoke! He's
found the wreck of the UNICORN!



There, Professor Calculus!..
Look! Smoke!... He's found
the wreck!



Really, Captain! Your eyes have deceived you! It's not the wreck, it is Tintin. He can't resurface.

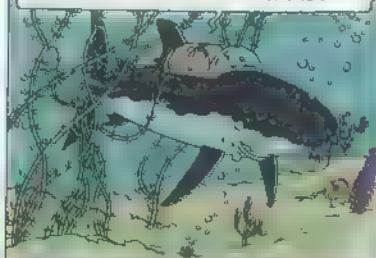


Your confounded contraption! I should never have let him go down!

May drown? Well, he had enough oxygen for two hours. He's got... Let's see... yes, he has just enough for another ten minutes!



I hope they hurry! It's getting more and more difficult to breathe...



What can we do? How can we save him?

Lower a diver? No, by the time we'd got one equipped and ready, Tintin would be dead...



No, I've got an idea. Take the anchor!... The anchor used for mooring the buoy!

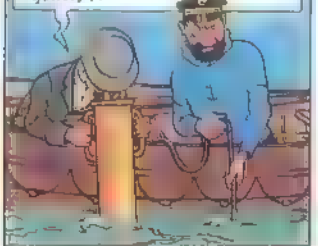
The anchor? Port!



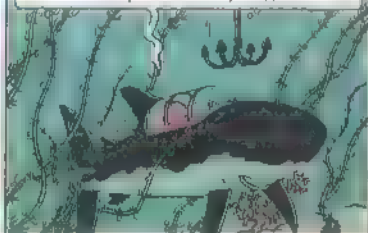
Of course!... We'll try and hook it onto the submarine. Then we'll pull on the rope until the weeds break...



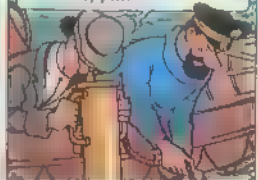
That's it! Let it down. Lower... lower... lower... gently...



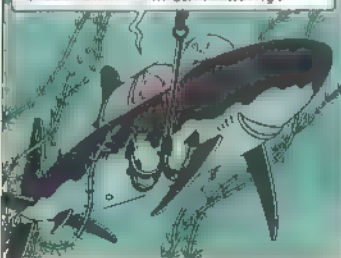
An anchor!... They're going to try to hook me. Quick, empty the ballast tanks, that'll help them.



He's understood. He's emptied the ballast tanks to lighten the submarine... A bit to the left, Captain... Good. Now, pull!



Ah, they've got it! I'm saved! Just in time! I'm suffocating.

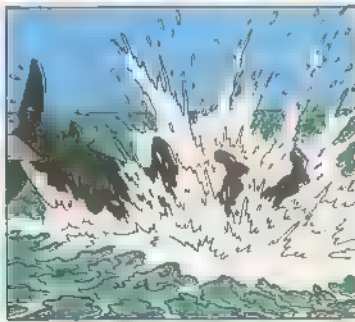
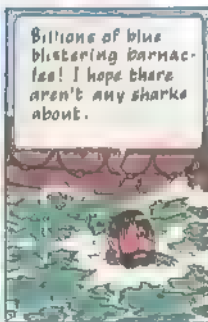
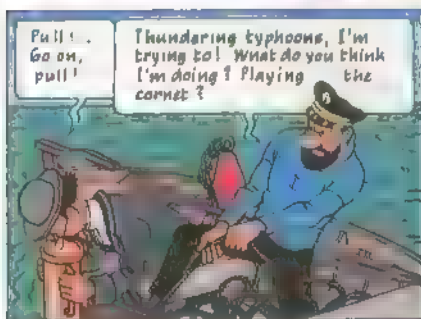
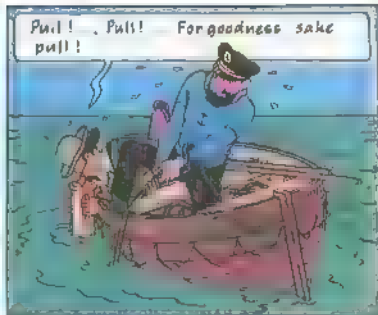


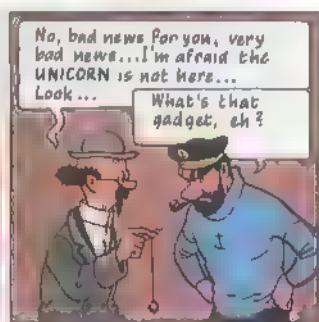
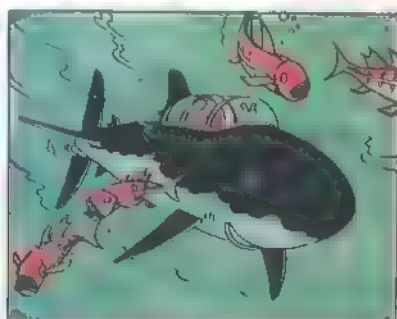
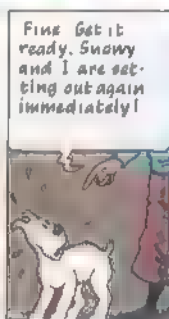
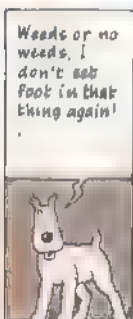
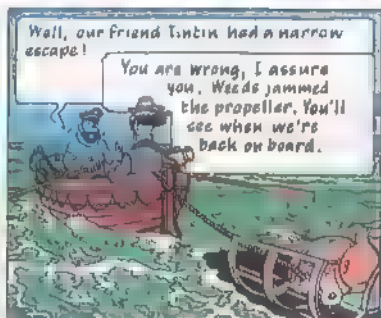
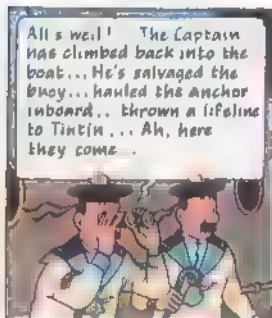
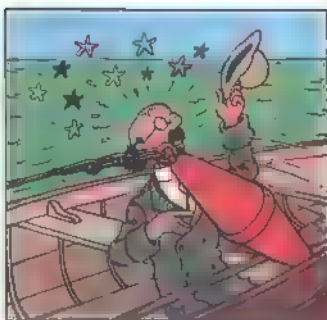
?

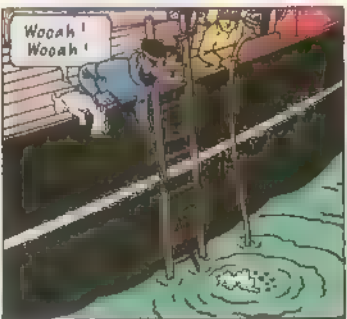
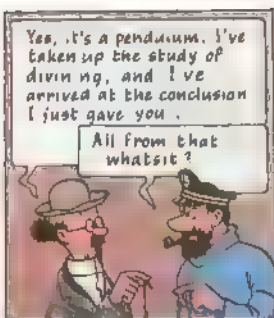


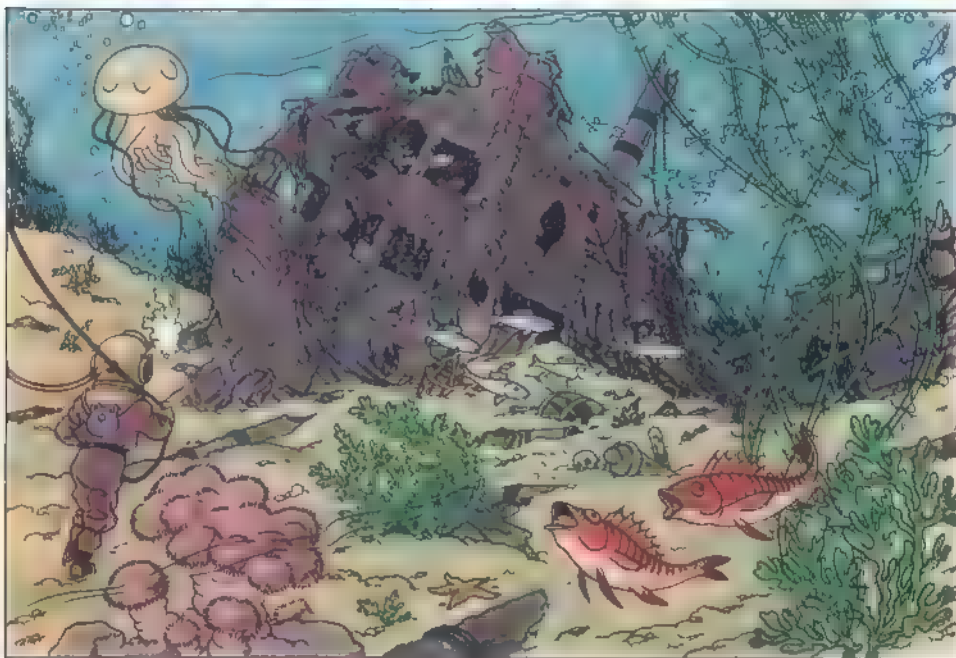
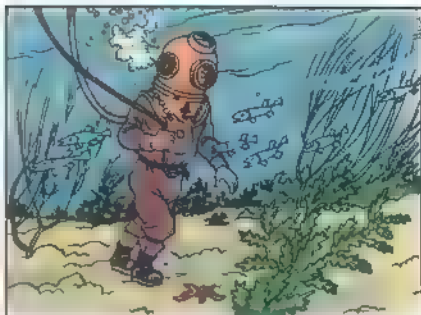
Mixed!... The anchor hadn't caught properly. Lower it again... down... stop! A bit to the right, now to the left... Pull it up gently.











Crumbs! What's happening?
The air supply has stopped!
...



Thundering typhoons! What are you two
doing there, instead
of pumping?



He? We're resting... it's
tiring work you know.

You infernal
impersonations
of Abominable
Snowmen!
Pump for your
lives!...Faster!



Whew!... That's better!
Now the air's com-
ing again! That gave me
quite a fright!



Excuse me, Captain, but I don't
understand... Since the UNICORN is
not here, why has Tintin gone down?



He's picking daibies down
below!



Having a row?
I don't see a
boat!

Two jerks on the line!
He wants to come
up! I'm sure he must
have found some-
thing!



Heave ho! Heave ho!



What has he got?



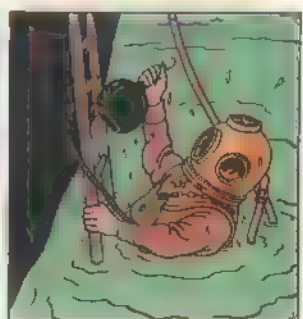
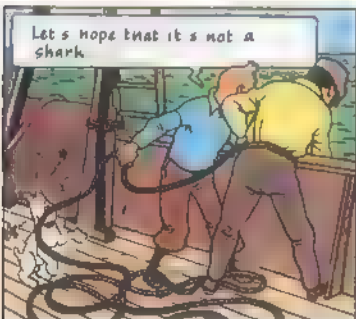
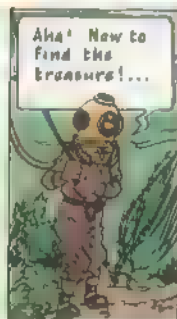
A gold cross, encrusted with precious
stones!... and a cutlass!... I say,
this cross is superb!

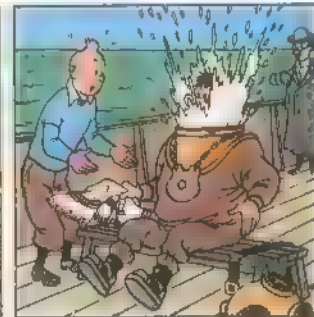
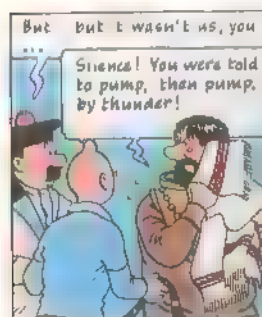
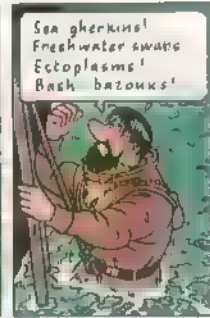
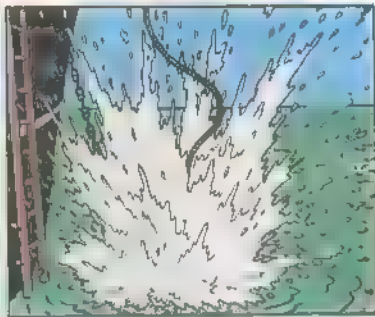
We've made a good
start, eh?

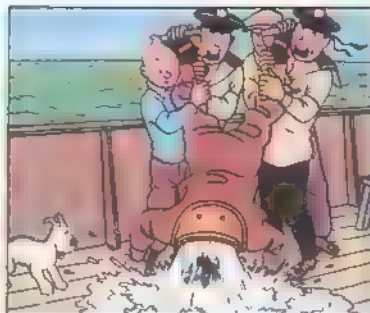


Now why did he
tell me that
Tintin had gone
for a row?











What d'you think you're doing at this hour?

You never ordered us to stop pumping, Captain. So here we are, pumping.

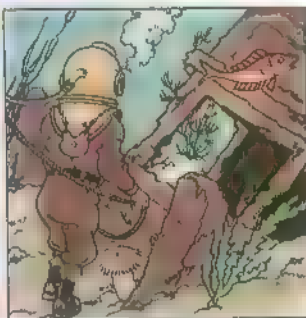
To be precise: we're pumping.

Off to bed, nitwits! You'll have plenty more pumping, believe me!



The next morning

Something tells me Tintin is going to find the treasure this morning.



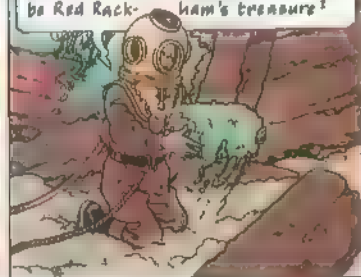
Another bottle of rum! ... I'll leave it there for the Captain.



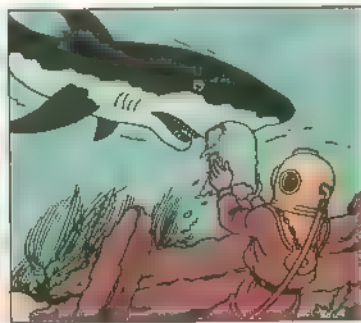
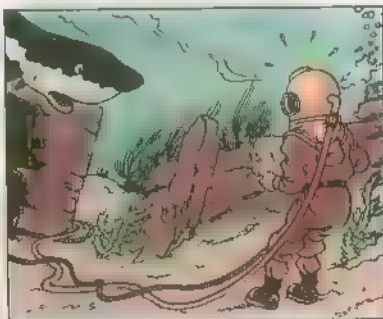
Hallo, I wonder what we've got here?



A casket! Great snakes! Can it be Red Rackham's treasure?



I'll go straight up, and see what's inside this casket!

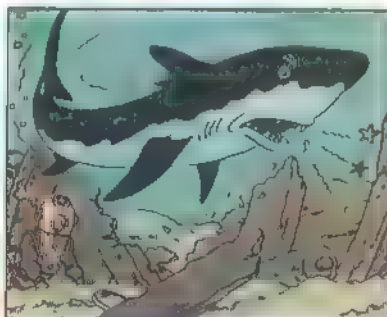
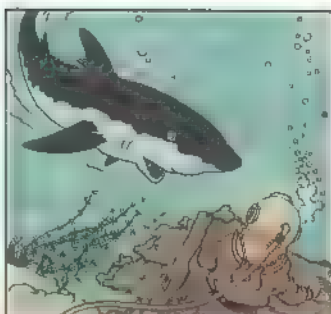




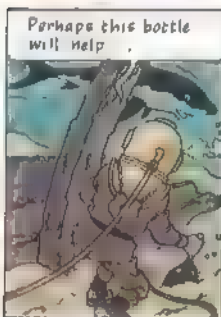
He's grabbed
the casket!



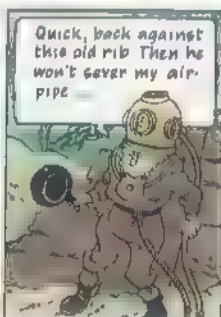
Goodness, he's
swallowed it!
And he's com-
ing back for
me!



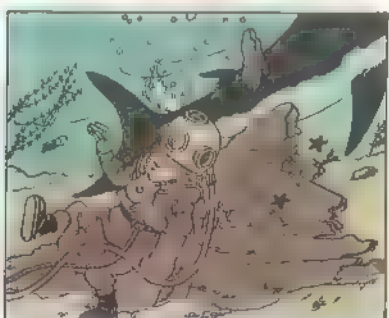
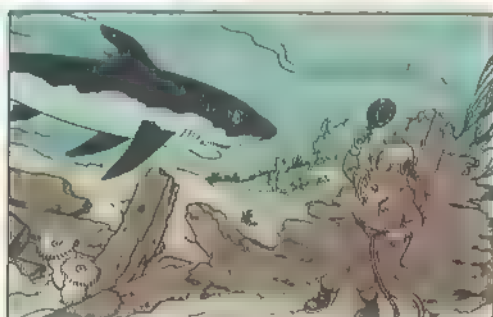
He's coming
again! What
can I do? If
only I had a
weapon.

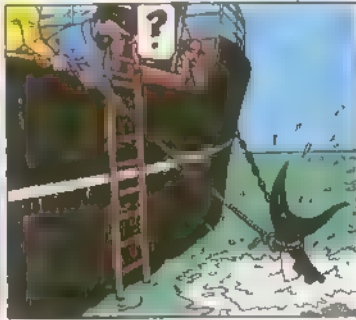
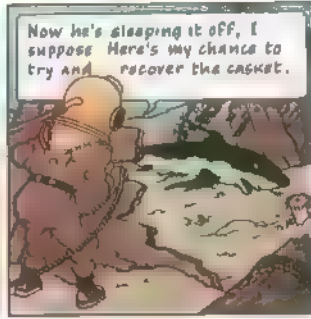
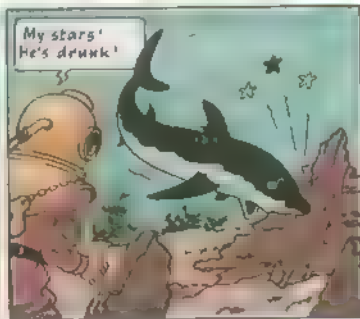
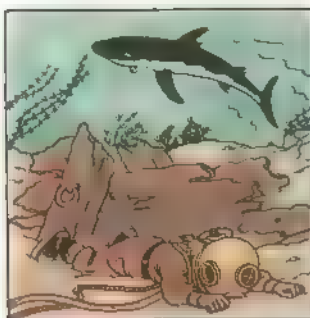


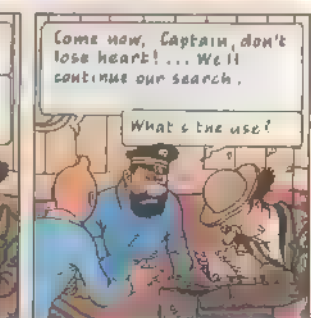
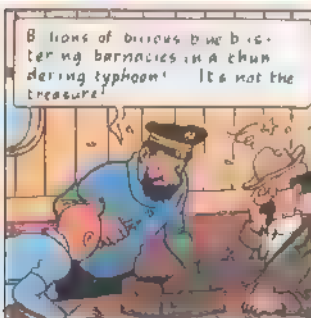
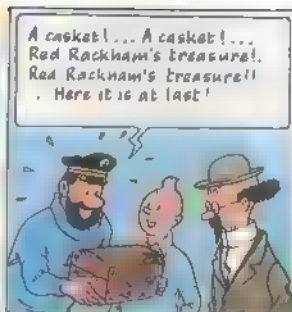
Perhaps this bottle
will help.

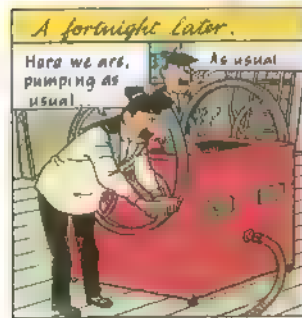
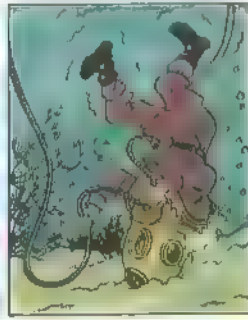
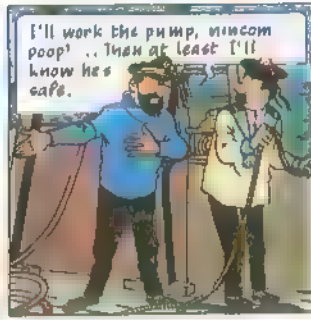
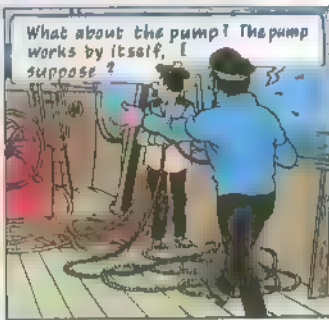


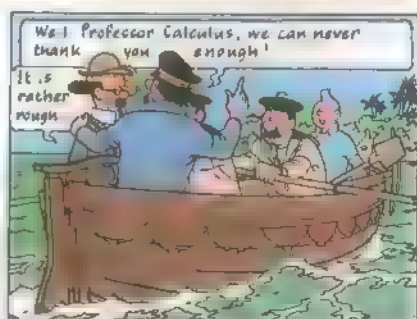
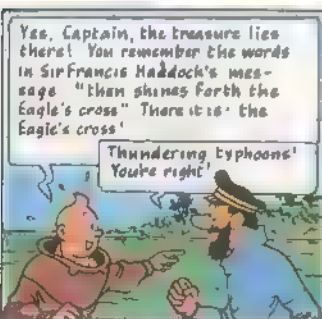
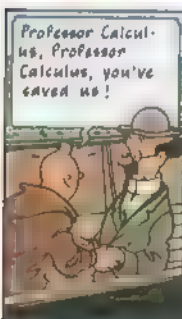
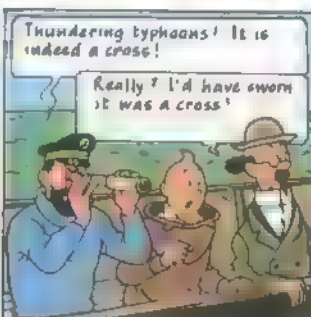
Quick, back against
this old rib! Then he
won't sever my air-
pipe.

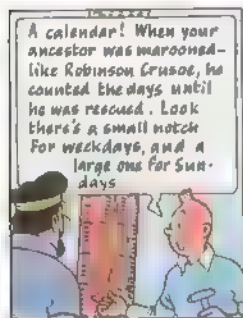
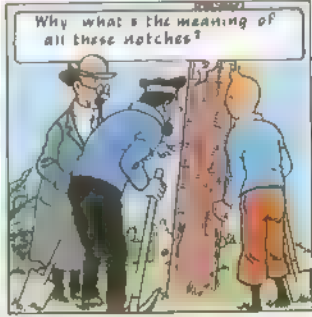


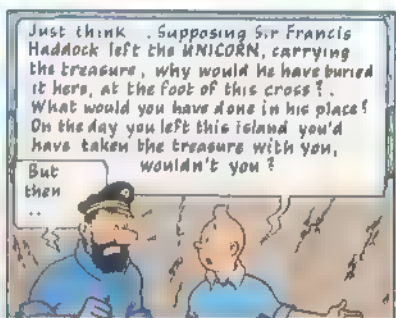
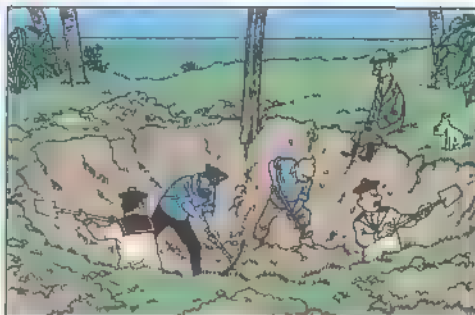


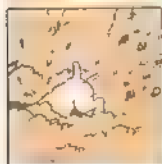
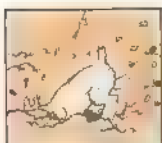


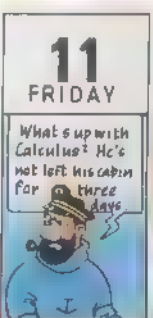
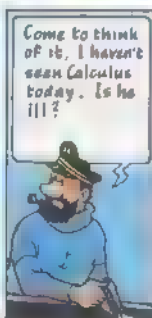
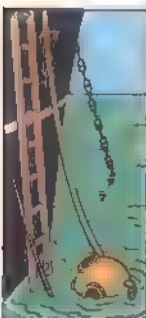
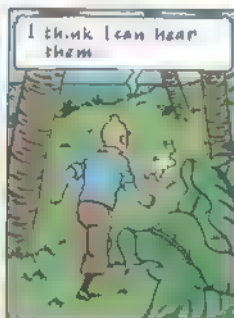
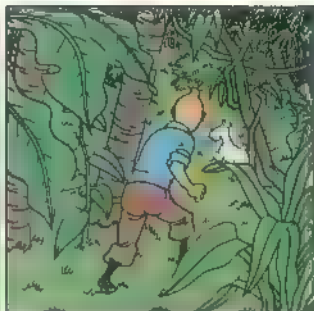












13

SUNDAY

Still no luck,
Captain



14

MONDAY



15

TUESDAY



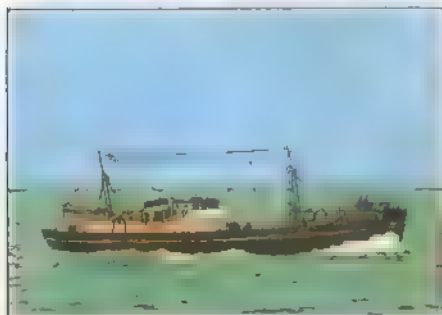
?



What...
What's hap-
pening?... It
looks as if .



Oh dear,
I'm right!
...I must
warn the
Captain!



Come on, Captain,
don't let this upset
you. It's bad luck,
I know, but you
must make the
best of it...



Captain!... Captain!
The ship is sailing!

Well, what would
you like it to do?
Dance a jig?



Ah I see now. At last
you have realised
that the UNICORN is
not where you were
looking: you are
steering westwards
understand.



I've had enough!
Come with me!



You see that, eh? I
suppose it's the figure
head of the TITANIC!



My word, it's a unicorn!
But what about my pendulum
which swung to the west?
How extraordinary...



16

WEDNESDAY

17

THURSDAY

18

FRIDAY

19

SATURDAY

20

SUNDAY

21

MONDAY

22

TUESDAY





Hello, Yes...
"Daily Reporter"
..Yes. What?
The SIRIUS has
docked? Are
you sure?...
Good... Thanks!



Hello, is that you
Rogers?... Go to the
docks at once. The
SIRIUS has just come
in... I want a good
story about her!



Well, Captain, I'll say goodbye to you
now. I'll have my submarine collected
tomorrow morning.

All right. Good.



Now please let me thank
you, Captain. You have
been so very kind.

Oh, it was nothing.



Yes, yes, Captain. Thanks to
you, I shall always have unfor-
gettable memories of my stay
on board...

So shall I!



Er... excuse me. I
missed a step!



Allow me to introduce
myself. Ken Rogers
of the "Daily Reporter".

"Daily Reporter"?
Wasn't yours the
paper that gave
the news of our
departure?



It was!... And we
would like to publish
a sensational article
about your trip. May
I ask you a few
questions?

Of course.

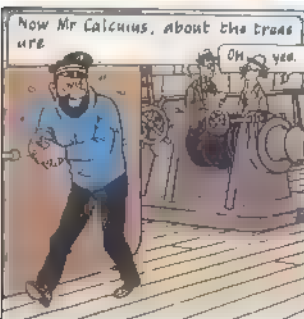


I'm rather busy myself. This
is my secretary, Mr. Calcul-
us; he will be happy to
answer all your inquiries.

Delighted



Now Mr Calculus, about the treas-
ure



I'm sure you have it
there, in that suit-
case...

Thank you,
I'll carry it
myself.



I can understand
that!.. Now tell me.
What does the treasure
consist of?

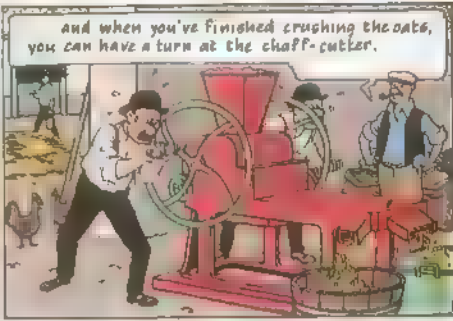
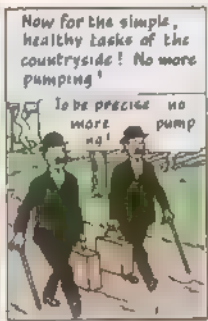
No?.. Not
really?



No, I asked you what
was in the treasure
you found. Was it
gold?... Pearls?...
Diamonds?

Incredible! I
don't believe a
word of it!





Charles the Second, by ye Grace
of God King of England, desir-
ing to reward Our trusty and
beloved Knight Francis Had-
dock Blistering barnacles!

The rest! Read
the rest!



Then the Second by ye Grace
ing to reward Our trusty and en-
vies Knight Francis Haddock
the last for his devoted ser-
vice grant and bestow Our
favor of Marlinspike
messiges and comments and
fore said. Given and delivered
and this fifteenth Day of July
in the year of

Thundering ty-
phoons! Am I
dreaming! It's Mar-
linspike Hall!
Marlinspike, my
family estate! It's
fantastic! Etc!



But you don't know the latest!
Wait, you'll see...



Here read this!



We I, what about
that?



PROPER

JAMES BIDDUP & CO.

For Sale by Auction
ON SATURDAY,
9TH AUGUST

MARLINSPIKE HALL

This magnificent, beautifully
appointed, and historic residence
comprises parkland and

What about it?... Well, Captain
it's quite simple. Your family
estate is for sale?... You must
buy it back!

Buy it back?
With what?



That's true We need
some money

Heigh-ho!... If only
we'd found that
wretched treasure
there'd be no
question



May I please have
a look too?

Of course



!



Captain, Marlinspike Hall is for
sale! Look! We must buy
it back

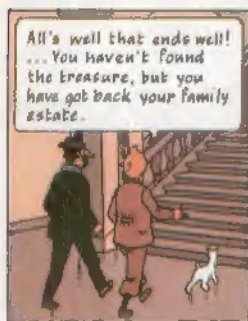
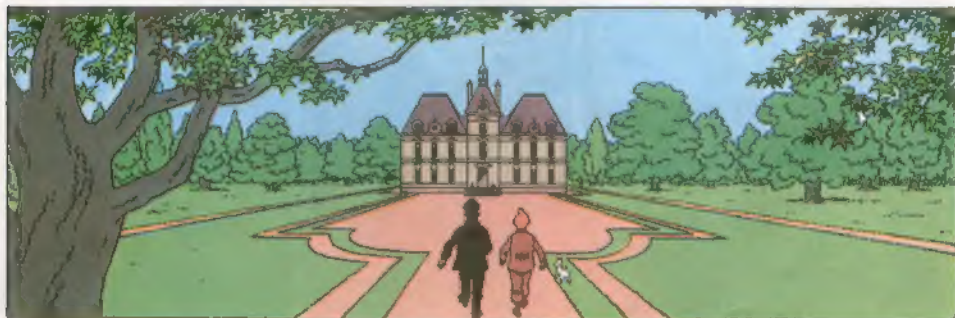
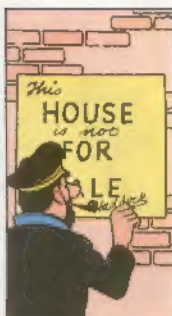
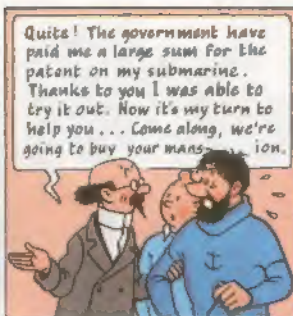
Oh
yes?



Buy it back?... That's
easy, eh?... What about
the money? I suppose
you've got the money, eh?

Oh yes money
that doesn't matter!







Look! Here we are!

Thundering
typhoons!



What a lot of junk! ... All this
junk!

Oh yes, the Bird bro-
thers used this as
a storeroom.



Look, that's St. John the
Evangelist. We must be in
an old chapel...



What do you think of it?
Incredible!



Sh!... This time I'm sure I
heard a noise!



It's gone... The footprints
have stopped... It's
queer. I wonder...

What?



Why, whatever's
the matter?
What is it?



Hooray!



The Eagle's cross!... "And
then shines forth the Eagle's
cross"! There it is... the
Eagle's cross...



The Eagle's cross?...
I can see a cross, but
where is the Eagle?

There, in front
of you!

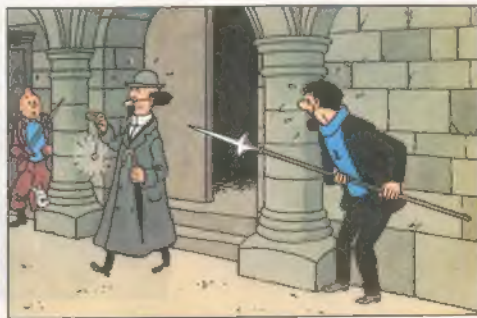
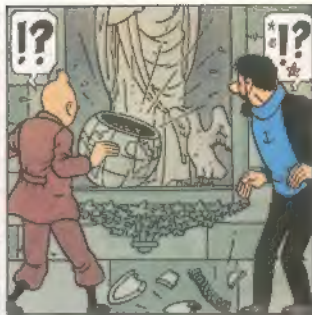
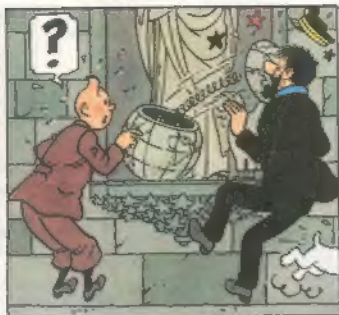


Yes there, look!... St.
John the Evangelist - who
is always depicted with
an eagle... And he's called
the Eagle of Patmos -
after the island where he
wrote his Revelation...
He's the Eagle!



There's a globe!

And an eagle!...
You're right!



CAPTAIN HADDOCK

*Requests the pleasure of your company
in the
MARITIME GALLERY
Where relics of the ship
UNICORN
Are on display*

Marlinspike Hall.

Well, what do you say, now, my Friends? All's well that ends well, eh?

Just as I always said: more to the west!

Yes, yes. But I said: all's well that ends well. Don't you agree?

Your maritime gallery?... I think it is very successful!

Thanks. But I was just saying that our adventures had a happy ending. They've ended, and happily!...

No thank you. Never between meals.

No, no! Blistering barnacles! All's well that ends well!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

Without any doubt!

...and this is just the moment to quote that old saying: All's well that ends well!

HERSE